

Neighbourhood Horses

I scoured the neighbourhood for over 3 hours now and I still could not find any horses in

sight. Used to see one hustling and bustling every 20 minutes. Did something kill them off?

30 years had passed since Mr. Ryan had settled in the mountain countryside.

His left arm would ache every now and again whilst doing research in his lab.

Every once in a while, he would see smoke on the horizon.

Forest fires were inevitable due to the drought.

A gang of hoodlums named The Jack Riders had been reported in the news slaughtering

random animals in different sectors of the county. A town raid had been organized to

capture and apprehend them. I didn't participate for my own personal reasons. I don't care

if they accuse me of being an accomplice, village people can really close their minds off to

objective reasoning.

Sitting by the porch, I sparked a fire at the stove. I tipped my hat and fell asleep in the chair

for a brief moment. I heard two gun shots and a screaming moan from afar. I stumbled out

of the chair to check the horizon.

Nothing.

I decided to reconsider and run over to my closest neighbours house a couple of miles away

and check on them to see if there were any sightings of The Jack Riders. As I rang the bell, a

door slowly opened, and out popped what appeared to be a tall horse head on a mans

body, holding a newspaper in their left hand.